

CARMEL CYMBAL

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CARMEL, CALIFORNIA - MARCH 5, 1937

5 CENTS

**SAYS
THE EDITOR**



**OUR JUVENILE
DELINQUENCY
BARB STRUCK**

If you shoot an arrow into the air and it has any point to it, it will stick. THE CYMBAL's juvenile delinquency arrow had considerable point to it, if one is to judge from how well it stuck. We have had comment, all favorable, galore, since last week's CYMBAL burst on Carmel's sardonic world. It has been comment marked by set jaws and deliberate and bitter words. Those who have talked to us about it are determined that something shall be done. We didn't tell these people anything; we merely reminded them of something they have known for some time. Most of them don't know how serious a matter it is, but all do know that it is serious enough.

But THE CYMBAL would like to point out that more than comment is necessary. Action is necessary. Action that has behind it the concerted determination of fathers and mothers of juveniles, and of those who live next to fathers and mothers of juveniles, is necessary. If you want to start the dotted line of juvenile delinquency down on Carmel's moral chart, you have to do something definitely about the conditions which are shooting it steadily up.

Community play is the answer to the juvenile delinquency problem here. It has been the answer in other communities, and municipal officials who keep their fingers on such things declare that it has been a successful answer. Carmel has been as devoid of community play since its founding as the proverbial hen is of molar.

THE CYMBAL wants the people of Carmel to get behind a program for community play. A swimming pool, we believe, is the first and most important number on this program. Adjoining tennis courts, and lots of them, is perhaps the second number. A big dance hall is probably the third.

Quite a program for juvenile recreation! Yes, and quite a program is necessary. Half-way measures are merely throwing money away. The thing must be done on a big community scale. And, as we said last week, it had better be started.

If details are needed to show the necessity for such a movement, THE CYMBAL can provide them. But they will not be pleasant details. Their publication certainly would reflect shameful discredit on a community which prides itself on being just a round or two higher up on the ladder of social culture and intelligence than the average American city of its size.

**THIS IS WHAT YOU
GET WITH A DIVIDED
SAFETY COMMISSION**

Stalemate! That's what Carmel gets with a divided public safety commission on the city council. The crying need for paid men on 24-hour duty at the fire house awaits the desire or the ability of two members of the city council so to readjust their mental attitudes, and so to control the departments un-

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COUNCIL CONSIDERS TWO PAID MEN FOR FIRE DEPARTMENT

BUSINESS MEN TO SEEK NEW CARMEL P. O.

Carmel Business Association's executive committee met Wednesday night, with the new president, J. Shelburn Robison, in the chair, and among other things resolved to start a battle for a federal appropriation for a new postoffice in Carmel. The business men feel, although none was so bold as openly to say so, that what Carmel did for Mr. Farley last November should have a melting effect in the matter of convincing him that this city needs a regular, honest-to-goodness post office building. When a city that has been in the grip of John Jordan for almost its entire life, suddenly slips out and votes Democratic, Fred Bechdolt may be praised, but surely Mr. Farley should be importuned.

In addition to discussing the post office appropriation matter, the association heard the announcement of positions for the new committee members by President Robison. Each new committeeman, the new vice-president, V. C. Graham, and the retiring president, Harold Nielsen, was given a commission similar to each member of the city council. As, for instance: Graham is to look after and into the police; Nielsen's responsibility is streets, parks and beach; Malcolm Macbeth is going to look after fire protection; Florence Leidig will attend to our health; Kenneth Wood will check on business licenses; and H. C. Overin will attend to advertising the city.

It was decided that the next meeting of the association will be next Friday night, March 12, and that thereafter there shall be regular meetings on the first Friday of each month.

League To Hear Talk on High Court Here

"Congress and the Supreme Court" will be the subject of an address by Professor M. Cathcart of Stanford University before the Monterey County League of Women Voters at a luncheon meeting in Pine Inn next Wednesday at 11:45 o'clock. Professor Cathcart, of the department of law of Stanford, is recognized as an authority on constitutional law.

Following the address there will be an important board meeting of the league.

At 10:30 o'clock Friday morning, March 12, there will be an all-day meeting on legislation at the home of Mrs. Webster Street, Hatton Fields. Members will take box lunches.

Daisy Bostick, who sells real estate and who generally takes a vacation by walking around a lot and measuring it, was fooled by the flu bug a week or ten days ago and got a compelled rest at the Peninsula Hospital. She's back on the job.

My If-I-Bag-a-Bond House

When I have a house . . . as I never will
I'll set it here on the side of a hill,
In softest shelter of whispering pine,
And right up snug to the property line.
And Oh, I've thought for a long, long while—
It may be a league, or maybe a mile,
But somewhere in between 'twill be
Hatton Fields and the zooming sea.
'Twill have some rugs and deep, soft chairs,
And a condiment chest most anywhere.
I'll have a little golden bird
With a silvery song—the kind I've heard
In long, cool drinks from sun to sun
(Oh Joy, my cook, once made me one)
And Oh, I'll love this best of all—
Outside in my reception hall
A bookcase filled with no deep tomes,
But just crammed full of Blandings' pomes
On tea and toast and atomizers
'Specially writ for advertisers.

BLAND DONNING

What Price a Swell Police Force? Los Gatos Spends \$6,690 a Year; Carmel's Total Is \$8,984 Plus

CARMEL, POP., 2800	LOS GATOS, POP., 3500
FOUR MEN	THREE MEN
Salaries \$7,541.50	Salaries \$6,120.00
Gasoline and oil \$98.28	Gasoline and oil 410.10
Equipment 570.76	Equipment 90.30
Incidentals and office supplies 273.62	Incidentals and office supplies 70.58
Total \$8,984.16	Total \$6,690.98

There's a comparison which should graphically show how Carmel is lavishing money on a police department which it does not need. If Los Gatos, with a population of 3500, on a railroad, on a main highway, with more on-sale liquor licenses than we have, with hundreds of times more automobiles passing through it, can police itself with three men and at a cost of \$6,690.98, or about \$2,300 less than Carmel does for the same service, what's the matter with us? There are no headlines in the newspapers about crime rampant in Los Gatos. The place appears to be getting along peacefully and decently.

But the figures above do not tell the whole story by a long shot.

Out of the Carmel figures we have eliminated telephone bills and insurance, because these items do not appear in the Los Gatos figures.

But—and it is an amazing but—the chief of police of Los Gatos, in return for his annual salary of \$2400, is also actual tax collector, license collector and building inspector and, according to the report to us from the city clerk of Los Gatos, he does his job well. "As such," she says, "he has collected (in 1936) \$7,184.35 in licenses, \$34,230.58 in taxes, \$3,587.36 in paving assessments, and \$364.55 in inspections."

But benevolent Carmel takes the job of tax collecting off the stooping shoulders of its chief of police and pays an assistant tax collector \$135 a month for doing this job and acting as desk sergeant for the police. Add, then, \$1,620 to Carmel's

total. We now have \$10,604.16.

To go on to the next item. The Los Gatos chief of police, on his salary of \$2400, also inspects buildings and collects the inspection fees. We hire a man to do that, at a salary of \$75 a month for his part-time work.

So, then, add \$900 to Carmel's total. We now have \$11,504.16.

In other words, flaming words, as it were, Carmel, with a population of 2800, pays for its police department, collection of taxes, building inspection, a total of \$11,504.16.

Los Gatos, with a population of 3500, pays for its police department, collection of taxes, building inspection, a total of \$6,690.98.

Now, THE CYMBAL does not pretend to believe that Robert Norton could do as good a job inspecting buildings as Birney Adams does. There's something about Bob's training that leads us to believe that probably he couldn't. But we do have an idea that he'd be a good tax collector; that he could spend considerable of the time he is doing something else not so important, collecting taxes.

And Carmel could jolly well use that \$135 for a paid fireman.

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Col. James Southard Parker, who had lived in Carmel for seven years following his retirement from the United States Army, died last Saturday at his home on Scenic Drive. He was 68 years old. He leaves a wife, a daughter, Jane Ellen, and a son, Richard. The body was taken to the Arlington National Cemetery in Virginia for interment.

BURGE DEMANDS POLICE TIE-UP; ROWNTREE SAYS NO

At last!

Carmel's city council has reached the point where it is actually considering the crying necessity in this city for paid men on the fire department, with at least one on duty at the fire station at all times of the day and night.

Nothing was done about the matter at the Wednesday night's meeting beyond about an hour's discussion, ending with a stalemate between the commissioner of police and the commissioner of fire. Councilman Joseph R. Burge wants the night fireman to be in a manner a police desk sergeant as well. Councilman Bernard Rowntree adamantly refuses to consider such a proposition. In answer to all questions, Councilman Rowntree, fire commissioner, replied: "It hasn't worked in other cities and I don't believe it will work here."

"Then I will vote no on the paid fireman proposition," retorted Burge, police commissioner, and there is where Carmel stands as far as its city council is concerned.

The matter was brought up by Councilman Clara Kellogg. She asked if, in the absence of Councilman James H. Thoburn, the council wished to take up the matter of two paid firemen, a matter that had been discussed, apparently at some length, at a council conference pre-

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Building Permits Break Records

With a January total of \$26,357, February, \$30,017, and the first three days in March, \$14,300, all existing building records in Carmel, as far as can be determined, have been unmercifully smashed.

Birney Adams, building inspector, has been keeping records since 1935, when he took office, and there is nothing in these that nearly approaches the present figures. Although records before that year are not available, Adams does not believe that there ever has been in Carmel's history a spasm of building over a two months' period that can come anywhere near the January and February totals.

So far this month the construction for which permits have been issued includes:

Fred Godwin, apartments in new addition to La Playa, \$3,000. L. E. Gottfried, builder.

Joseph Catherwood, one-story frame house at Eleventh and San Carlos, \$4,000. G. A. Good, builder.

Helen Coolidge, one-story, cottage at Santa Fe and Fourth, \$1500. M. J. Murphy, builder.

H. R. Greatwood, addition to cottage at Third and Junipero, \$200. Day labor.

George C. Ingelow, two cottages at Third and El Camino, \$5,600. A. C. Stoney, builder.

der their supervision, that the Biblical lion and the lamb may lie down together.

At Wednesday night's meeting of the city council, Mayor Everett Smith and Councilman Clara Kellogg stood ready to do something definitely about giving the city adequate fire protection. But Councilman Bernard Rowntree, commissioner of fire, said: "You can't holler down my rain barrel," to which Councilman Joseph R. Burge, commissioner of police, retorted, "All right. You can't climb my apple tree."

THE CYMBAL knows, and everybody who has half an eye or half an ear to the situation knows, that it is not merely a battle between Councilmen Rowntree and Burge; it is a battle between the fire department and the police department. The present set-up on the chess board is this:

The volunteer fire department refuses to let the police move in on its new fire house to the extent of having a night paid fireman answer police calls along with his fire alarm vigil. The police department refuses to support the battle of the fire department for two paid men, unless it will.

Without going into the merits of the attitudes on the part of either side of the game, THE CYMBAL declares the situation to be absurd, an absurdity which probably cannot be sufficiently demonstrated to the parties to it by anything short of a blaze that would reduce about six blocks of this fair city to a mass of ashes and smoldering pine trees.

It is said that our fire department, at present all volunteer, would be demoralized by action of the city council which would compel a tie-up with the police in the matter of answering telephone calls and taking police reports at night. There is a certain amount of justice in the refusal of the fire department to make such a combination. We don't believe such a scheme would be successful. We don't believe such a plan is necessary.

THE CYMBAL sees no reason why the police department cannot take care of its own telephone calls during both the day and night. The police department is over-manned, as we are proving week by week by comparisons with other cities. There is no reason in the world why one of these police officers, if we are to continue with a four-man force (in reality, a six-man force) couldn't spend his time from 10 o'clock at night to 8 in the morning at a desk and by a telephone.

There is a lot of nonsense about the necessity of police vigilance on the streets of Carmel at night. The trouble with the present police department (and who knows it better than we do) is that it considers being nursemaid to inebriates part of its duty. The man on duty in his scouting car from midnight until daylight finds himself with nothing more important to do than following every automobile that appears in town. The Carmel police department reverses the code in that it considers every car that appears at the head of Ocean avenue as containing a potential criminal. In fact, to the Carmel police, there is a murdered grandmother, with her body cut up into pieces the size of a pound candy box, stuffed in with the spare tire in the back of every machine.

One commissioner of fire and police could remedy this situation and remedy it quickly, if he possessed anything like ordinary intelligence. He could rule both fire department and police department without making a non-workable combination of the two. He could employ a sense of perspective in increasing the desirable efficiency of the one

and reducing the over-balanced efficiency of the other.

The present situation, we repeat, is absurd, and clearly detrimental to the best interests of the citizens and taxpayers of Carmel.

—W. K. B.

The Hudginses And a Ford To Go Places

We do hear a pleasant sort of rumor about the Pat Hudginses, who also belong to our CYMBAL family of people who pick up and go places. Although this story has something of a sad side—Pat is going to Baden Baden for the cure—it has so many elements of fun in it that we ourselves suspect Pat of pulling our Magnin-clad legs. The story goes this way: Pat went over to some dump heap somewhere and picked up, bit by bit, a contraption he calls a Ford. This piece of mechanical ingenuity will be stuck down in the hold of a ship bound for some such place as Marseilles, France. From there, Pat and his wife will sloop along to Baden. That is, if our memory of some of those roads isn't too moth-eaten. After sitting around in that fine thin air and lookin' 'em over for a while, it is understood they will journey into Scandinavia, where all rights are sedulously preserved. Please do check up on this before you go, Cap'n, and let us have further details. We wish we were the baggage some folks think.

March 13 Kite Festival Day

Next week, Saturday, March 13, is the Kite Festival day for Sunset school. The celebration and the contests will be preceded by a parade of the boys and girls with their kites. The parade will march from the school down San Carlos to Ocean, down Ocean to Monte Verde, back up Ocean to San Carlos and along San Carlos to Hatton Fields where the kites will take the air.

Kites will be judged for the best made, the oddest, the prettiest and the highest flying; with prizes in each class. Kindergarten to Second Grade; Third to Fifth Grade; Sixth to Eighth grade; and one prize for over Eighth Grade. Each kite must prove its ability to fly, for a kite is not a kite unless it will fly. Also the kite must have been made by the child who enters it without help, except suggestions as to shape, finish or colors. Kites of many sizes and forms are under way at the Sunset school shop.

It is to be regretted that Willis G. White cannot take an active part in the festival this year though his thoughts and wishes are with the boys and girls. It is through Mr. White's help and inspiration that the annual kite festival is a reality here and in several other places in California.

GIRL SCOUTS PREPARE FOR SILVER JUBILEE

The monthly council meeting of the Girl Scouts was held on Wednesday at Asilomar, where the Girl Scout Training Conference is now in a two-week session. After the meeting, members of the Council dined at Scripps Hall with the leaders attending the conference, enjoying contact with women from all over the country who are forwarding Scout work.

Plans are being made for the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the Girl Scouts this month.

CARMEL CAPERS

Besides being a meteor in the literary firmament, Bill Saroyan has now become an epic among the waiters in Hermann's who were aghast at the magnitude of his afternoon tea. Bill, who never eats between his six regular meals a day, says that was a good slogan about the starving Armenians, only the Turks got half the food. Saroyan has apparently made it his life's work personally to consume the remaining Armenian quota.

For new thrills, try riding on the beach in the pouring rain we did, with Joe Danyah, and Joe's horse conducted a spectacular sit down strike outside the Lodge. A firm but dignified protest against the feudality of the Del Monte Properties Company, whose looming shadow rules us, one and all—what's that old gag about horse sense?

Fire broke out in the store of S. and G. Gump within two days of Mr. Robert Gump's return to San Francisco from Carmel. "There's a lesson there for somebody. Figure it out for yourselves, we've built up a great personal resistance to lessons."

Leon Walker spent Thursday night in Carmel, en route to L. A. A business trip, says he. There, girls, rural daughters and dissatisfied customers, is a traveling salesman to end all traveling salesmen. Let us pray with Leon that he encounters no one who is really stuffily insistent about this dull concept of buying lumber.

Henry Dickinson, the village potter, has a fine flare for ignoring things sordid. "Potting is the oldest profession," says he. We, being above quibbling, admitted that it is, in any case, a most absorbing one and that his results are pretty swell.

Never invite Henry to a party, as he is given to tearing off, like a nursing mother, in the midst of the most festive proceedings, to see if his little pots are nice and warm.

Mrs. Cox off to the races at Santa Anita. Elmer off to the races right here in Whitney's. Place your bets, boys, we're putting everything we've got on Elmer.

We like Dick Bare, who is a most personable young man trying to get along. Nevertheless, after being subjected to his latest presentation at the Filmarte, we feel impelled to ask why, if he must show pictures wherein all the members of the cast are beheaded, it could not be done more quickly and include the director.

Even being a black sheep is no particular fun or distinction when the rest of the flock are all a bit grey.

Ever since the boys in the orchestra moved into that eerie old house in P. G., Freddie Nagel has a new theme song entitled, "Love Thy Neighbor." Though it's a pretty stale song and a Sunday school sentiment, we doubt if he could have made a better selection.

If the new low rates on airplane transportation can be arranged to include funeral expenses, you can put us down as definitely air-minded.

George Aucourt was busily buying what he modestly referred to

as "parts" for that mastodon on which he so trustingly relies for transportation.

The "parts" seem very nice indeed but we fail to see why he doesn't throw away the rest of the vast automotive project.

Of course, if it rains very much more, he could salvage the thing for a swimming pool and mud baths for the juvenile delinquents.

Or divide it into small acre lots for camp sites.

All he needs is an anchor to make a sister ship to the *Leviathan*. And if he'd plant a few trees between the front and rear seats, we'd buy a south-east corner lot ourselves. We've secretly nurtured a back-to-the-land urge these many years.

Janet Large was seen limping around town with a broken ankle. When we asked how it occurred, she replied, "Well, you see I gave a tea." At last we have found real justification for our natural aversion to such hazardous functions.

CARMEL SEA SCOUTS HOSTS AT LEGION HALL DANCE

Carmel Sea Scouts were hosts last Friday night at a dance in American Legion Hall. Dance music was provided by swing orchestras in various parts of the country through the medium of a radio and amplifier. Commander and Mrs. Martin Peterson and Mrs. W. B. Parker, Jr., were chaperones. Commander Peterson is skipper of the local ship, and Mrs. Parker is the mate.

TAYLORS ARE HOSTS ON WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Ira D. Taylor, Carmel city treasurer and agent for the Railway Express, and Mrs. Taylor celebrated their wedding anniversary last Sunday with a cocktail party at their home on Carpenter street. Assisting them were their daughter, Carmen Gene Taylor, and Mrs. W. B. Dial of Gilroy, a house guest.

SUNSET PUPILS SEE FILMS THAT MEAN SOMETHING

Yesterday morning in the auditorium of Sunset School, one of the makers of motion picture machines and projectors demonstrated his wares. Another demonstration by another company impends. Do we hear, adown the corridors of not too distant Time, the sussurations of the silver screen at Sunset? If that is so, we rejoice. We know quite well that a picture of a polar bear on a cake of ice in the Arctic more than rivals the mug of Robert Taylor in our children's minds. It should be only a matter of course that he is given his choice.

BARDARSON MAKES STUDY OF CURRICULUM CHANGES

Otto W. Bardarson, Sunset School principal, was in Oakland over the week-end attending a meeting of the State Committee on the Revision of the Curriculum of the Seventh and Eighth Grades. This work has already been done for the lower grades. The purpose of the committee is to develop a curriculum guide in line with the current philosophies in Education; that is, making the child acquainted with his environment and furthering the placement of his individual mind in its own best and unique setting.

"I'm no Peeping Tom in thickets; I'm just leaving milk," says Ricketts.

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TWO MILES FROM MONTEREY ON THE LEFT SIDE OF CASTROVILLE HIGHWAY

The Cymbal

and a

debutante

HAVE MUCH IN COMMON

Neither do we know how ravishing we are until we come out. If we were swept off the newsstands before you got us this past week

THE FAULT IS YOURS!

Better subscribe

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR AT ANY NEWSSTAND

Betty Stuhr To Be Somebody Else Tomorrow

At 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon at Carmel Mission she who was until that minute Miss Betty Stuhr will become Mrs. Forrest Barton Williams. Betty surprised her Ocean avenue the last week-end by announcing that this was to happen. At first Ocean avenue was a bit worried about the possibilities of losing Betty. But it won't. She's sticking. In fact, she isn't even to celebrate her new state of being by going away and having a honeymoon. Business calls Betty to stay around, and stay around she will.

Betty, in case you like statistics, originally appeared on the world horizon in Minneapolis. In between then and her first appearance in Carmel some ten years ago the record is blurred, not by any to-be-hidden activities of Betty, but just because we didn't think to ask about it. But off and on for the past ten years Betty has known Carmel and Carmel Betty. With her mother, Mrs. Marie Stuhr, she has lived among us. Now, with this Forrest Barton Williams person, who has won her heart and hand, she will still live among us—in the McLean cottage on Monte Verde street, near Sixth.

Williams is a musician and hails immediately from San Francisco. His parents live in Salt Lake City.

So, it's tomorrow at 4 p.m., but there's no use your going down there. It's to be one of those "only a few intimate friends" ceremonies and if you aren't one of those you will not be welcomed.

The Odets Drop In On Us

One for Dick Bare. Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Odets have signified their desire to have a program of Filmarte Theatre attractions mailed to them regularly.

Sauntering out in his open-air lobby last Sunday night after the picture had started, Dick glanced at his mailing list register and jumped. Big as life there was writ thereon, "Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Odets."

Darting back inside Dick discovered the couple—in the fifth row—the author of a good whopping handful of some good whopping plays and Luise Rainer, she of "Good Earth" fame.

The Filmarte register, by the way, continues to garner names of persons who mean something in various things: Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas, Virginia Bruce, as examples.

BYINGTON FORDS TO BUILD IN MISSION TRACT

Byington Ford and his bride, the former Ruth Austin, will build a home in the Mission Tract. It was announced this week that Ford has purchased a corner lot in the new tract at Dolores and Santa Lucia streets. Plans for building are being made at once and by the fall, or late summer, the Fords should be in their new domicile from which they will command a sweeping view of Carmel Valley, the Santa Lucia mountains, the mouth of the river and the "zooming" sea.

Other lots in the Mission Tract have been sold the past week to Rhoda Spafford and Elizabeth McClung White.

You can subscribe for THE CYMBAL at our Ocean avenue office—with The Carmel Investment Company, Ocean avenue, south side, just west of San Carlos street. It's \$1 a year.

LESS OVERHULSE ESCAPES TO SANTA CRUZ AND WEDS

Less Overhulse has taken unto himself a wife. Surprising his Carmel friends, Leslie Winfield, as he was christened, escaped to Santa Cruz last week and on Friday was united in holy matrimony to Pearl Vermoyne Holcomb of Los Angeles. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. John F. Wilson, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church of Santa Cruz. Where they have gone nobody knows, but that they will come back to Carmel is anticipated by Less's circumvented friends.

Carmel To Enter Ice Skater in Olympics

In 1940 Carmel will send one of its very own to challenge the world for the Olympic Games ice speed skating championship at Tokyo.

One Bert Taylor is our entry.

With Mrs. Peggy Taylor and Terence O'Day Taylor, who has wire hair and is not so hot on the ice, the young man who now holds the Pacific Coast speed championship and two or three world championships, arrived in Carmel this week and intends to make his permanent home here. When last seen he and Peggy and Terence were in tow of Frank Townsend, our Lord Chesterfield.

Bert Taylor has just recently come from the Yosemite Valley where he was rink supervisor this last winter. There isn't much he can't do on skates, given a stretch of ice. He was on the 1932 American Olympic team and led at every point the boys who wore the Stars and Stripes.

If this next winter is like the last, Taylor will be able to keep in practice right here at home.

WELLS' FANTASTIC COMEDY NOW ON AT FILMARTE

Current on the Filmarte screen is H. G. Wells' fantastic comedy, "The Man Who Could Work Miracles," with Roland Young in the role of George Fotheringay, the mouse-man who became a miracle man. For good, sheer comedy, colored with a touch of the Wellsian philosophy, "The Man Who Could Work Miracles" rates highly. This film is another brand new film for the Filmarte, playing Carmel before San Francisco.

Starting Sunday is a film in another mood, the unusual "Men Are Not Gods," starring Miriam Hopkins, in the role of a secretary, who alters one of her boss's reviews and sends an actor she has never seen soaring to overnight fame, and then falls in love with him. This film was produced by Alexander Korda, the man who made "Rembrandt," and will play four days, ending on Wednesday with evening performances at 7 and 9, matinees at 2:30 on Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday.

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Scouts Council Inducts Two New Leaders

The regular monthly meeting of the Carmel District Council of Boy Scouts was held after a luncheon at the Normandy Inn on Wednesday. 17 Scouters were present. Among other routine affairs, the date for the Scoutmasters' Round Table was set for next Monday at the Scout house.

Some time after the middle of this month, two courses for Scouts will be inaugurated in Carmel. One will be an introduction into scouting, aimed to reach and help all boy leaders, including fathers of Scouts, scoutmasters, skippers, mates, and so forth. Cub leadership will be the project of the other group. The aim being to get together with mothers and fathers and leaders of boys from 9 to 12 years, cub age.

Arrangements were made for the next Court of Honor and the Scout Circus to be held in Salinas in the near future was discussed. Two new cub leaders, Major William E. Kneass and Captain J. Shelburn Robison, were inducted. Walter Gaddum's financial report was acceptably on the right side of the blue lines, and Scoutmasters Moll and Blackie, along with Cubmaster Leidig, reported their boys in the best of health and spirits, thank you. The Carmel Sea Scouts were said to be serenely under weigh.

Herbert Brownell chairmanned the meeting.

Helen McLachlan, secretary-treasurer of the Carmel Business association, and Maude Hogle went to Pasadena Wednesday to remain in the south for about two weeks.

SUNSET BASKETBALL GIRLS FOLLOW UP WITH FEED

Last Saturday afternoon after the basketball game, which was won by the Dorothy Nash team, the two teams adjourned to the lunchroom and just had a free-for-all. Jacqueline Klein, our source of information, said they certainly made a lot of noise. There was an orchestra of sorts. It had a conventional beginning, with Alice Vidoroni and Eleanor Hart at the accordion and guitar respectfully, so to speak. But Jacqueline said she and Ann Millis played pieces of tin, or something. And Madeline McDonald did a dance. They ate upside down—well, the food was upside down. Ice cream first, and then wienies (urrrgh) and then fruit salad. As a sop to gustatorial respectability, they topped off with cake and pop. The team that lost washed the dishes. This went on far into the night—nine-thirty. Miss Helen Newmark, who had the workings of it, wasn't available on Wednesday. We shouldn't have been, either.

LA COLLECTA MEETS

La Collecta Club met on Wednesday at the home of Mrs. A. G. Crouch. Mrs. D. E. Nixon read from a book of jokes by the late David Freeman. Selections from Edith Romig Fuller's "Kitchen Sonnets" were presented by Mrs. L. S. Slevin and Miss Flora Gifford took from the current number of the Reader's Digest "The Story of the Unsinkable Mrs. Brown." Refreshments were served. Mrs. A. G. Howell was a guest.

You may be fat, or thin as slats.
But I can fit you—Anna Katz.

Boy Scouts Get Merit Badges

Merit badges were awarded to Carmel Boy Scouts at a Court of Award and Investiture held at the American Legion clubhouse last Monday evening.

Badges were awarded to Jack Pelton for woodwork, pigeon raising and bee keeping; to Edgar Leslie for pigeon raising; and to Jack Coates for public health, first-aid, safety and physical development.

Jack Coates was made a life scout; Bill Morrison, a second-class scout; and Pat Crichton, junior scoutmaster. Crichton conducted the investiture ceremony.

New tenderfoot scouts named are Jim Kelsey, Arthur Jones, DeWitt Appleton, Hugh Gottfried, Devoe Briggs, Donald Morton, Bob Barbour.

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The Carmel Cymbal

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The bonafide paid circulation of
THE CYMBAL last week (issue of
February 26, 1937) was as follows:

PAID SUBSCRIBERS

Carmel District.....	336
Outside Carmel District.....	83
Newsstand Sales.....	121
Total.....	540

Gain over previous week 37

(You may be interested in knowing
that in Carmel only THE CYMBAL
publishes weekly a circulation
statement. There's a very good reason
why only THE CYMBAL does.)

TEN YEARS AGO this week

From The Cymbal, March 2, 1927.

THE CYMBAL of March 2, 1927, bore on its cover a reproduction of a painting of Robinson Jeffers by Rem Remsen. We said editorially that it was reprinted from a previous issue on demand of subscribers. But it probably wasn't. We undoubtedly did it, as we so often insist on doing such things, because it pleased us. We liked the picture. We still do. We like the way we reproduced it, too. Very nice indeed. Poor old Rem! And yet he wasn't old, by a long shot, when somehow he decided that living wasn't all that had been promised him in his younger days. But he was certainly a great part of Carmel. He used to love to startle the populace and he succeeded admirably. He never was more successful than the time he returned from a long trip with Stan Wood, down through the Arizona country and New Mexico. Carmel didn't know he was back. Bert Heron was just finishing his Seven Arts building. A full-bearded, red-bearded stranger appeared in town. In a complete set of dungarees. He lifted himself out of a car that had a busted top, with a lantern hanging out one side, a mess of blankets and boxes and bags. He first greeted Mrs. Fraser who had her shop in the new building next to where it is now—on Lincoln street. He deep-voicedly demanded to know if she were Mrs. Heron. She wasn't and told him so in tones that almost indicated a relief at not being. But he later discovered Mrs. Heron in the Seven Arts Court and kissed her, or tried to. He was severely rebuffed and Marshal Englund was about called. At the post office he stuck his head in a window and addressed Mrs. Wickham by her first name. This got another rebuff. Then he went to the Bank of Carmel and presented a check signed "Rem Remsen." They wouldn't

CLANGING CYMBALS

Jogging along behind the old green mare the other day, we came upon quite a sight. At first, it appeared to be a sort of giant polype, or other hydrozoan, hanging, face downward, from a rock. Pulling up the reins and shifting our cud, we stopped for a better look. It was a woman. This fact was amply attested to by a fulsome pair of peach colored cotton Unionknit drawers which had got caught, not elegantly, on a poison oak twig. We could see that there was blood on her hands and her compact and lipstick had been allowed to dribble to the earth—sign of a woman's last extremity. There issued from the region of her face the most pitiful cries for help. Please, she whimpered, as if the maw of some ravening beast were just closing upon her tender flesh, please drive them away.

With a firm grip on our rawhide, we overleapt the wheel, and so to her rescue.

Around the corner of a bush were four little pigs. Laid snout to snout they wouldn't reach from here to the cat.

Which reminds us, by a kind of reverse English, of something that happens to you when you visit the Transvaal. As you enter great and gorgeous Kruger Park, you are presented with a booklet, setting forth the glories you are about to encounter. Among other things, you will read this: "Do not be alarmed if lions stand and stare at your car. They have probably never seen a car before and are naturally overwhelmed with astonishment."

Since the year 60 A.D., when the lovely Queen Boudicca of the Catuvellauni took poison because Suetonius had overcome her—or, rather, because the legions of Suetonius had conquered her sturdy Celts—it seems to us a change has been coming over women. (Don't ask us why we pick on Queen Boudicca; she just came popping into our head.) Not that we are here presuming to discuss the status of Woman, what with Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt right in our midst. We just have a few notes.

Here, for instance, is Dr. Martha MacDonald, prominent in Psychiatric circles, getting up in meeting and testifying that, of a group of juvenile delinquents she has been studying lately, practically all the boys' criminal tendencies were traced directly to strong, aggressive mothers and weak fathers, or, as she puts it, "father substitutes." (We like macaroni and cheese the best.) We just don't know why there is so much talking out loud these days.

Note number two has to do with the WPA boys of Chicopee Falls, Mass. They just adore to crochet. They are even making up an exhibit of their cross stitching and embroidery. To us there is something terribly significant about this. We feel that any day now some one of our friends will get home from the office early and discover her blushing husband trying to conceal a pair of booties in his unhirsute bosom. Even if the male seahorse does give birth to the young of his

cash-it. It was a lot of fun while it lasted. And even when the truth was out, the red beard didn't come off, nor the dungarees, except, perhaps, for sleeping purposes. Quite a spot in Carmel history was Rem Remsen. Quite a vacuum he left when he left—of his own free will.

species, we see no reason for invading the field of the hippocampus.

Yesterday, proof was added to the general hopelessness of the case. We met Johnnie Maskewitz. Johnnie sits in a tree down there at the southeast corner of Camino Real and Tenth and squawks at you as you pass. That is, sometimes he does. Time was, when he lived over in Mill Valley, in the shadow of Mt. Tamalpais, that he would call cheerily as you went by, "Go on up. Go on up. Tamalpais, Tamalpais." But 26 years of fruitless fidelity to some ideal of parenthood has quieted Johnnie a lot, and yesterday he merely looked up at us from the mixing bowl he was licking out, gave us a derisive flick of the big spoon and proceeded to scrape the last vestige of cake dough from the pottery. For, all these years, Johnnie has been making a layette for some dreamed-of little macaws, who have never come. With wistful cluckings he makes and remakes his nest out of such bits of paper and stuff as he can beg or borrow, arranging new enticements each hour for those children who have not been vouchsafed him.

Somehow, that chastened us—made us feel vaguely, that perhaps, after all, woman's place is in the cage.

With the gracious permission of Madame Schiaparelli, who is turning the years back to butterflies and waltz time, we are going to break open and be, for a moment, as she recommends, shamelessly sentimental.

It had been a singularly ineffectual day. And at the end of it the proprietor of one of our better shops had refused, quite coldly, to be written up in our column. Now, we are a sensitive soul—we have feelings like other people—and, not conscious of any excellence on our part, we were only filled with a mistaken desire to do a kindness. So this quenched us quite, and we went sadly down to the sands to be consoled. An hour later we strode up the hill and home filled with that cresting sense of life, of which we have before spoken, that now and again assails us.

Coming over the top of a dune, we found ourselves in a clean and empty world. Clean and empty of snobbery and fear—quite free of any littleness. We lifted our eyes unto the hills, and, doing so, were reminded of that greatest of all monuments to the English Language. Of lines we learned a long time ago; Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the House of the Lord forever; Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden; to do justice and to love mercy and to walk humbly

Over the pea green crest of a wave, a flock of pelicans, cleaving close to the foam, made their way like newshawks to a carrion queen. Mist arose at Point Lobos, where, in our imagination, we forever see the form of a fabulous old Indian, sitting soaking his corns in a kind of cosmic foot tub.

In that dignity, we remembered a butler we once knew, and who had recently died. He was our first butler, and, at the age of 19, we got him into a corner one day and confessed as much to him. We told this then formidable fellow that we had never even seen a butler before; that the nearest we had ever

come to seeing a butler was our hired man who sat with us at the table and hogged down his food and adored our Mother. From that time, he was our friend, secretly teaching us our manners; how to use a 24-inch napkin without getting it all balled up with our sometimes less extensive dinner apparel; that wine is a ruminant; and that, as someone has said better, your name is sufficient identification on your calling card without your finger prints. It was hard to believe that Foote was dead. Looking at the far portals of the Orient over the gathering shadows of the Pacific, we thought he must just have opened some unwonted door, and softly and with dignity, have closed it behind him.

Turning back toward the Golf Course, facing that same Orient, we got to wondering about Anne Morrow Lindbergh, and whether she likes that brazen city of Jodhpur and if the little hills, which she will see from the Maharaja's wonderful palace up there above the city wall, will remind her of the funny, conical chocolate creams we spent our pennies on before the advent of Crusty Crummies and their ilk; and if, some day, she will come home on her last flight from Fear. We should like to see her and her husband throw open the doors of that silly old house in New Jersey and lay about at the ghosts—the ghosts that are doubtless in Jodhpur as well as in Jersey.

The slow and blazoned elephants of Rajputana, where the Luni River rises in the sacred Lake of Pushkar and then loses itself again at the head of the Runn of Kutch, came up across the sky over the Pebble Beach Golf Course as the sun went down. Dirty beggar rags of clouds fluttered and went. We stood on a knoll, with the world's pumping blood at our feet and a handful of wild mustard in our arms.

And, standing there agaze, some conformation of the afterglow brought to us a face, the towering face of a man who, pausing on the steps of the Capitol at Washington one afternoon, after he, also, had had a bad day, watched the sun go down in splendor at the end of Pennsylvania Avenue and remembered, then, a faith that he had; "Faith in a world not governed by our fears." Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.

We climbed the hill in High. Long after we had absent-mindedly passed the proprietor of the shop that had despised us, we remembered having given him one of our real wide grins. We had been so occupied, you know, thinking of this and that, "of shoes and ships and sealing wax,

Of Cabbages and Kings."

—LYNDA SARGENT

Did you ever have a car massage?
Just bring your heap to Carl's garage.

AT PEBBLE BEACH

The Kenyon Boococks of New York are spending a few days at Del Monte Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKay and Mrs. A. A. Fowler of New York are in the Jarvis house at Pebble Beach for a part of the summer. They have as their house guest Mrs. Grafton Pine, also of New York.

The John McGees are hosts just now to George Clark, Mrs. E. Marshall Field and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pruyn of New York.

Mrs. William Vom Rath and daughter, Cecilia, of New York, are in the Alberger house for a few months. Shortly Mr. Vom Rath and a second daughter will join them.

Mrs. John Chapman is back from Greenwich, Connecticut, and has as her house guest, Mrs. Isabelle Fowler, also of Greenwich.

Mr. and Mrs. William Allen of Greenwich, Connecticut, have taken the Dr. Huston house for several weeks.

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DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS

Edited by Jessie Joan Brown



Don Blanding tried to make friends with Miscan Fraser in her mistress' shop one day last week. He told her that Albert Payson Terhune said if you let a dog sniff the back of your hand you will never have any trouble with him. But little Miss Fraser (she of the pink bow) sniffed—then audibly sniffed again.

Charlie Boke has returned home and is happy again, because at last he is free from the visitation of Shim, the Great Dane, belonging to his mistress' daughter-in-law, Mrs. Richard Boke, who spent several weeks with Mrs. Grace Boke. Shim usurped Charlie's favorite chair, his best bone, and the affections of his mistress, so poor Charlie just moved out and went to live with the neighbors. But now Charlie is back in his old haunts and all is well with his world.

Young Loco Mather is staging a "sit-down" strike all of his own—protesting against leashes. His mistress, Mrs. John Mather, being a law-abiding citizen, insists on using a leash when she brings Loco to the village. But Loco disapproves—and shows his disapproval by sitting down every few feet and refusing to move. When his mistress tries to pull him along, he rolls over on his back and plays dead.

Rex Watson thinks it is a pity that Herbert Heron hasn't a dog to whom he can recite doggy Shakespearean quotations like: "The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, see they bark at me," from *King Lear*; or perhaps:

"Let Hercules himself do what he may, the cat will mew and the dog will have his day," from *Hamlet*; or maybe even:

"I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman."

Rex thinks it would be great sport comparing them with the two lines quoted to him by his master, Gene Watson.

B. G. (his name is being withheld for obvious reasons), member of a prominent literary family, is a problem dog. As a puppy, B. G. was taught to bring in the evening newspaper. When he also brought in a local advertising paper (which was featuring a special in dog food) his mistress thought that was an awfully cute trick and told B. G. so. But, now, when B. G. becomes bored and wants attention he goes about the neighborhood, gathers up all the rolled-up papers, and delivers them at the feet of his greatly embarrassed and very much annoyed mistress, who has to go apologetically around the neighborhood returning them. B. G. can't understand that what was once a "cute trick" is now looked upon as malicious mischief by the irate readers missing the rolled-up papers, which during the rainy season come wrapped in oil paper.

Noticed in the bachelor quarters of a young man-about-town was a "chaise moderne" large enough so that the gentleman could sprawl at ease and not have to roll up like an anchovy—interior decorators take note.

Just loads of girls have met their fates. Through hose they bought of Mrs. Yates.

NANCY COCKE COMES BACK WITH LOTS OF 'ECSTASY'

Nancy Cocke has come back from some place—Chicago, we think it is—but that's not the important thing. It's not where Nancy has come back from, but what she came back in. She came back in love, or we don't read the stars right—stars in a maiden's eyes. Nancy looks swell, too swell to have it a normal indication of just good health and a mind at rest. It looks more like good health and a heart a flutter. She denies it, but she denies it with entirely too much speed and emphasis.

Anyway, she saw "Ecstasy," the swell German motion picture, while she was away. She raved about that to us until we gave our diagnosis on her shining eyes, etc., and then she floundered about a bit. But Nancy's back, and she saw "Ecstasy," and she looks as if she was in some species of it herself.

SUNSET SCHOOL NOTES

The basketball elimination contests began on Monday, with a victory for Dorothy Nash's team. Because of Miss Newmark's illness, the game scheduled for Wednesday, was postponed.

With Miss Eloise Carwyle instructing in librarianship at Sunset, the school library begins to take on a most professional tone. Mrs. Bernita Ninneman will take care of books from the County Library and each classroom will have a library committee of three students working under Miss Carwyle's direction.

Miss Alice Graham has consented to conduct a "Hobby Corner" at Sunset during Public School Week. This should be a real attraction for the grown-ups, as well as an incentive to the children to go on riding 'em.

Beth Sullivan, who slipped and fell on a rug at her home last Sunday, dislocating her left shoulder and tearing ligaments, is back at her home after treatment at Peninsula Community hospital. Beth was taken to the hospital Monday morning after suffering intensely with pain. At the hospital an X-ray disclosed the severe injuries. The shoulder must remain bound for some time and her arm in a sling.

POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

Now, if ever, come perfect days. Not amiss to talk about the weather when it has been so perfect. Only a hint of fog hit Cypress Point early this week. The bumble bees are humming. Sweet birds sing. Pine "candles" waft their sulfurous bloom in the dry, crystal air. Morning bursts upon the valley and clear, starlit nights, not too cold, bound the beautiful day.

Soft seas sweep gently to the white-sand beaches, swinging, lulling as they beat upon the shore. And to break the monotony, the great "blind-breakers" punctuate the little rollers, captains of the army of little seas. Tide streaks and slicks move slowly seawards, trailing surf bubbles.

As if overcome with a surfeit, the sea lions burst upon the silence, huge bulls bawling loud enough to echo up the coastal canyons. Fitful breezes toss the pine tops, mourning doves fly from tree to tree, and the half-wild elk crop grass along the Seventeen-Mile-Drive.

Somewhere a poet looks upon the sea and thinks of "whores' eyes." Somewhere a writer hammers a typewriter, and adds another rifle shot to his scenario. Somewhere a banker looks up a quotation. Somewhere a wood cutter lays down his saw and regards the wonders of nature, nature friendly, nature bountiful.

It would be well worth while if that seance in which Houdini, Thurston and Carmel's late John Northern Hilliard were to communicate with the living had come off. There would be no word more assuring than Hilliard's "Bully," gutturally uttered.

The Spanish Influenza is no respecter of persons. You and I have had it and now the school attended by members of the Japanese Imperial family has been attacked by the germ. Let's see if we can't get it deported to Spain.

If the United States deports a Spanish citizen, to which party will he be handed, in case a boat or

other means can be found to land him in Spain? Such Spaniards are literally "between the devil and the deep blue sea."

At present odds are all in favor of the Spanish rebels, for their side has more Irish soldiers than the government side.

Hilary Belloc writes that a friend in Sausalito said to him: "If I had a beard like yours I'd quit working and start a new religion." Belloc, a frequent visitor here, has a beard only less roseate and flourishing than that sported by songbird Louis Gravier.

Gayest of these sit-down strikes is Woolworth's. And it looks as if the girls behind the counters are having a lot of fun, too. But, remember, they do a lot of standing on those tired feet when they're not striking.

Magnolias don't bloom around doors in Castroville, but supporting a roof over a front step on the Salinas road are two willow poles, complete with springing leaves and catkins. Bring us back to Robinson Crusoe days.

Truth about Carmel's nudist colony will out. It was a stunt to pad

a local correspondent's account. He invented the idea, a lady friend wrote the papers complaining that peeping-tom airplanes swooped low over her "colony," and the story made front pages across a continent.

"FORGOTTEN EMPIRES" FORUM TOPIC TUESDAY

Wallace King, archaeologist, will talk on "Forgotten Empires, a Stirring Episode of American Nations More Ancient than History," before the Carmel Forum at Sunset Auditorium next Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. The public is welcome.

King's talk will be illustrated and will be a word and picture tour of Old Mexico, Central and South America where many races have lived, loved and died.

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Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps Is Doing What and How, on Her Ranch Out the Carmel Valley Way?

Johnnie Bias greeted his mistress with his best horse laugh. She had just got back from New York, looking very Maria Guy-ish in her tweeds and lynx and those thoroughly smart little boots we ought all to have sense enough to wear around here. Mrs. Phelps answered Johnnie with her own deep, infectious gurgle, and introduced us. It sounds like Johnnie Buzz when she says it—or just "J"—and the mutual admiration is spontaneous. With the best bred intentions, Johnnie reached for our ear.

Johnnie Bias is, of course, the Thoroughbred Stallion, standing at stud down at Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps' Carmel Valley Ranch—the old Los Laureles Rancho of late Del Monte fame. You may—that is, if you're a mare—get married to Johnnie for \$25, which shows that he is not really after an American fortune. Which isn't surprising, since he has pretty decent bed and board as it is.

Mrs. Phelps says she took the stable plan out of a book and just added a touch here and there. Mr. Johnnie Bias's own apartment, for instance, is about the size of a box stall—a most adequate one—and is simple to a degree. Johnnie has a good-sized door through which to look out at some of the world's most beautiful hills, and therefore feels no need to hang either a Corot or an ancestor. He says he is agin furniture. For the benefit of Lee, the High Mogul of the stables, he has, with that thoroughgoing kindness and courtesy which we found everywhere at Los Laureles, seen to it that the corners of his quarters are all rounded after the latest fashion, to make cleaning easier. In cement.

Mr. Bias' house coats—blankets, he calls them—are kept, along with those of his 25 house mates, in cedar closets in the blanket room. His more formal things are in the saddle room at the west end of the stable. In this room, the leather—saddles and bridles—is hung in meticulous order on the fine pine walls. There are the intricately gorgeous black and silver accoutrements done by Bohlin, and rows and rows of suits all about, which rather puts Johnnie and his fellows in a class with Jimmie Walker, and Edward, late Rex. The steel table here, just brought on from the East, looked to us like a bit of museum. But it isn't. It's just a case for keeping all the steel—bits and spurs and chains—spick. And span-new. Lee had just arranged the table and stood about gleaming at it almost as proudly as the glittering steel itself. In this room, and the adjoining one where we saw the most elegant chaps imaginable, Mrs. Phelps has put Venetian blinds for protection of the leather. She says it is the most economical way to do it, since the afternoon sun simply comes in and carries on with her delectable and de-lovely horse clothing.

Johnnie has what might be termed a rival at Los Laureles. This is California Marquis, the ponderous but magnificent purebred Percher-

on. He, also, is in the matrimonial market and is to be had by mares who fancy his type for a \$15 dowry. There is a good deal to be said for his type, if you ask us. If we were a mare, we'd be hard out to it.

Sons and daughters of Johnnie Bias are now ready to take field and track. Polo will engage some, while at least one two-year-old, Bright Eagle Bias, is already taking lessons in how to run. Young Laureles Moon, who had just had her name approved and registered by the Nobs, was so eager to be out and at it that she was almost unmannerly in her efforts to get past us out of the corral and into the open. She showed a pretty heel and a very nice pair of legs, inherited, we should say, from her sire. Perhaps she had not been told that the business of life is going to be a great deal of hard work for her—sort of Russian Ballet stuff—with, we hope, a few wreaths around her neck if she sticks to it.

In a front box, where she can look across at the green pastures by the Carmel River, and dream a bit, old Chipmunk loafs away her latter days. She is 36 years old and doesn't look a day over 28. There is love and understanding between her and her beautiful young mistress. Well, she said, these youngsters are alright. Hard-headed, yes. But these are career days, you know. A velvet glove on a hand of steel, my dear, she said, caressing her mistress with her hairy old chin. You look after their manners and I'll vouch for their morals.

Fleetfoot, still a bit wan from her confinement, nodded briefly but warily. Her two-day-old was making a consistent bid for food and she was busy. We thought the baby quite funny, with his prancings and snubbings about, but we enjoyed Mrs. Phelps' laughter quite as much. It is simply fun to hear her laugh.

She was pleased to be back home. "I like the country so much better, don't you?" was her comment. "This place is not a hobby, you know. Not something I play with. It's my home and my work." She had two business-like record books, with pencils, and we left her and Lee to begin the day's labor.

The Los Laureles Ranch is the Mother Ranch of the Valley. In the year 1839 the Mexican Land grant of Jose Manuel Beronda and Vincente Blas Martinez was approved by Manuel Jimeno, then Governor of California. In 1851, two Berondas made application to the Patent Office of the United States for the affirmation of their right to the land, and, under the signature of Andrew Johnson, this was fully approved later. The original Rancho, which was even then called Los Laureles, for its green bay trees, contained six thousand, six hundred and twenty-four acres and ninety-nine hundredths of an acre. If you don't believe the original deeds and surveys read like a combination of poetry and fiction,

perhaps Mr. Olmsted over at Del Monte will be as kind to you as he was to us, and let you sit down at his desk and peruse them. "Beginning at an oak marked T.N.I. and L. No. 1 at Baranca Blanca, on the side of a high chaparral mountain, being a corner of the Los Tularcitos Rancho, thence according to the true meridian."

Along in 1850, or thereabouts, the Pacific Improvement Company, an affiliate of the Southern Pacific, started building an hotel at Del Monte. They got it well under way, when some bright guy discovered that they had no potable water, nor any access to any. The nearest fresh water was the Carmel River and the only reservoir then in existence hereabouts was down at the Los Laureles Rancho. The enterprising owners, of that place had dug a six-mile ditch and a dam and were growing alfalfa on their cattle ranch. The P. I. promptly bought up the whole business, water rights and all, and piped the water over to their budding hostelry. This, incidentally, was the beginning of the Monterey County Water Company. We might add, we don't know where in the devil the famed Del Monte Hotel would have been without its little old farm.

Mrs. Phelps says she had the grandest times when she was even younger than now, caving around the old Del Monte Ranch. She wanted to own it, but had never thought she could get it. She showed us her great buff Cochins. They looked thoroughly edible to us, too, if somewhat in need of a whole lot of manicuring. The long-haired bride of her big short-haired St. Bernard rolled in joyous fluff at our overtures. Mrs. Phelps is starting to breed them. She says it is the thing now to breed the short-haired male to the long-haired female, and on and on like that.

Have we given you any idea of what the English call the homeliness of the place—its busy, farmy atmosphere; its real plainness and the charm of that plainness? They make hay on the hill up back, and farm things lie scattered about, and men in jeans go hurrying on errands, and the horses prance and the mallards quack, and the housekeeper chats about her garden and Lee smiles because he likes his job and—we will mention it again—Mrs. Phelps laughs as if she were doing just the thing she wants most to do. And darned well, too.

Outside the west window of the dining room is perhaps the most beautiful live oak anywhere in the world. At least, we are quite ready to believe that. Mrs. Phelps says there is some sort of legend that a vacquero was once hanged from its branches. However that may be, the tree is the "sort of stuff that

dreams are made of." And, anyway, Los Laureles isn't particularly in need of legends. It seemed quite a nice little farm to us, just as it is.

Chevrolet Opens Agency Here

We give you M. G. Leicester, representative of the Chevrolet Motor Company, who descended on the Peninsula this past week and announced the opening of Carmel headquarters by the Robley Chevrolet Company of Monterey. We give you Mr. Leicester because, in jotting down notes for us in the matter he wrote, just as natural-like, "headquarters has." There was something about the way Leicester (and don't forget your English in pronouncing that name) wrote that "headquarters has" that won us to him. We'd have bought a Chevrolet on that if we didn't already have a car of sorts, and in case we didn't have a car of sorts, we had the money to buy a car.

But, anyway, "headquarters has" opened in Carmel by the Robley Chevrolet, now authorized dealers in the Carmel district for that particular brand of automobile.

They have (skip it) it has been opened in the Carmel Garage, where Louis Levinson can be found at odd times, but always affably. The show rooms are on the Ocean avenue side and Scotty Burgess is the salesman.

Right now Scotty is not only showing you a swanky Chevrolet, but he has the niftiest trailer on display. It's just a sleeping trailer. You can't play bridge in it as you roll along, but by jiminy, it looks as though you could sleep in it like a real human being.

Incidentally, it is announced that although the strike back east has slowed up the Chevrolet production some, the Oakland plant is back at work and there should be brand new Chevrolets available within a few days.

CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT IS CARMEL HIGHLANDS GUEST

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, honorary president of the National League of Women Voters, was the guest of honor last Saturday evening at a dinner and informal reception given by Miss Ada Howe Kent and Mrs. Walter Fisher Kilpatrick at their home in Carmel Highlands. Mrs. Catt, who has been visiting at The Highlands, spoke during the evening reception on world peace.

Mrs. Irene Cator, Carmel postmaster, who has been seriously ill with influenza, is rapidly recovering and will be able to leave the Peninsula hospital for her home this week-end.

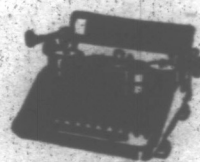
But Six there are—and one inert—That Seventh one is just our Bert.

JOHAN HAGEMEYER

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SLAMS & SOFT SOAP

THIS ROBIN BUSINESS

Dear CYMBAL:

I have just reached the middle of Page 2 of the February 26 CYMBAL. Your "Robin bed rest" interests me tremendously. I just can't make out what the thing is. Could you, by any chance have meant a "best red bobbin?" Such an article might exist, I suppose, in factories and places like that. Then, of course, there are beauty rest mattresses—there might be some connection.

At any rate, for some reason I am reminded of a common robin. It is quite a large bird and we still have a few in our garden. They are here in flocks all winter, but always leave at the beginning of Spring. Quite different from your "Robin bed rest," which, I note, is "little," the "first harbinger of Spring." All very confusing.

CARMEL D. Q. B. P.S. Don't be discouraged. Next week THE CYMBAL will hear a Cuckoo—"Hail to thee, blithe spirit,"—"Whither midst falling due?"—and all that sort of thing.

GOD HELP THE CLASS!

Dear CYMBAL:

Never have I seen a "local weekly" as gay, as frank, and withal as thoroughly good-tempered and tolerant. THE CYMBAL is a joy. And you should know that a journalism instructor, university extension, carried off one of my copies the other day to show his class what a weekly paper can be.

BERKELEY P. W.

FAREWELL SERVICE FOR REV. MR. CHINN

All Saints Church was filled to the doors with the combined congregations of All Saints and Carmel Community Church, present to do honor to the Rev. Austin B. Chinn, who was taking charge of his last service as rector of All Saints.

Mr. Chinn has served All Saints for many years and has reached the age for retirement from his active ministry. He and his family plan to live in Palo Alto, where, of course, they will be available for such services as may be asked of them.

In May, to be exact, May 1, the Rev. Carol B. Hulsewe will come north from Paso Robles to assume the rectorship of All Saints, so ably carried on by Mr. Chinn. The Rev. Mr. Hulsewe was called to the position by the vestry of the church.

In the intervening time the Rev. Mr. Clay, rector-emeritus of St. Mary's-by-the-Sea, Pacific Grove, will take charge of the services at All Saints, including the Easter services.

During the course of the service the Rev. Mr. Clay and E. A. H. Watson, representing, respectively, the parishes of St. Mary's-by-the-Sea, and St. James and St. John, of Monterey and Del Monte, presented the greetings from these sister churches to the congregation of All Saints and expressed the gratification for Mr. Chinn's ministry in Carmel.

The Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor of the Community Church, was present in the chancel and also took occasion to express his appreciation of the fine cooperation between All Saints and the Community Church, and his regret at Mr. Chinn's leaving Carmel.

Just in Case...

YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

(The Cymbal would welcome its attention being called to any errors or omissions in this array of facts. Telephone 77, or drop us a card.)

STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco. Carmel has an estimated population of 2800. Area, 425 acres or 3/4 of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1237. Business licenses, 250. Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Point, with an estimated population of 150; Carmel Woods, 150, and Hatton Fields, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel is therefore 3200. Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100.

Total population of Carmel district, 3700. The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

The United States Post Office, insistent on brevity, ignores the hyphenated tail, and calls us Carmel, for which most of us are duly thankful.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Elective city offices with their incumbents are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Everett Smith.
Commissioner of Streets, Sidewalks and Parks—James H. Thoburn.
Commissioner of Health and Safety—Clara N. Kellogg.
Commissioner of Police and Lights—Joseph A. Burge.
Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree.

The above five form the City Council. They get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidee Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—Argyll Campbell.
Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 481.
City Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.
Police Department—Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Charles Guth, Earl Wermuth, Roy Frates. Telephone 131.
Fire Department—Chief, Robert Leidig. Twenty-four members. Firemen are organized volunteers. They are not paid, but we are building them a nice fire house with ducky social quarters. Fire Alarm Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of \$3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning no property inside it. A deposit of \$3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of library.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about etchings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERY

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day except Monday. Mrs. Ethel Warren, curator.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 770. Regular masses Sunday, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sundays, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street, half a block south of Ocean avenue. Rev. Austin B. Chinn, rector. Telephone 155-W. Services: Holy communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m.; Sunday School, 9:45 a.m.; Junior League, 5 p.m.; Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m.

Christian Science Reading Room. South side of Ocean avenue near Monte Verde street, on the Court of The Golden Bough. Hours, 9 to 5 week-days, and Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5. Telephone 499.

THEATERS

Filmart. West side of Monte Verde street, between Ninth and Tenth streets, Bare, lessee and manager. First and second run outstanding films. Two shows in evening, 7 and 9 o'clock; matinees, Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday, 2:30 p.m.

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees Saturday and Sunday. Telephone 282.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in the pine forest. On Mountain View avenue, three blocks south from Ocean avenue. First play produced in 1910. Produces plays with local casts each summer. Herbert Heron started it.

Theatre of The Golden Bough. In ruins at Ocean avenue and Monte Verde street. Only the walls still stand after a fire in 1935. This was Carmel's prideful showplace for years. Hundreds of residents of old Carmel have trod its stage in locally-cast and locally-directed plays.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 5:15 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east, 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 o'clock.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. Telephone Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 12.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth streets. I. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Seventh and Dolores streets. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

HOLES IN SOLES

Village Shoe Rebuilder. San Carlos street, just south of Ocean avenue. C. W. Wentworth. You may talk with him about New England.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library. Telephone 15.

Greyhound 24-hour service, Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. Ocean avenue next to library. Telephone 15. Leave for Monterey, 8, 9:15 and 11:45 a.m. 12:45, 2:45, 4:50, 5:45 and 6:30 p.m. Arrive from Monterey, 9:15 and 11:30 a.m. and 12:30, 1:45, 3:30, 5:30, 6:30 and 7:15 p.m.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. North-bound trains direct to San Francisco, 8:16 a.m. and 1:20 p.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 3:40 and 5:32 p.m. South-bound, railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 9:45 a.m. and 8:53 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Greyhound Lines. Main street, Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone 5887. Carmel information office, northwest corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey: North-bound, 7:50 a.m.; south-bound, 9 a.m.; north and south, 9:40 a.m.; north, 1:05 p.m.; north, 4 p.m.; north and south, 6:51 p.m.; south, 10 p.m.

Arrivals at Monterey: from Salinas and south, 8:55 a.m.; north and south, 11:10 a.m.; north, 12:09 p.m.; north, 3 p.m.; north and south, 6:58 p.m.; north and south, 7:55 p.m.; south, 9:20 p.m.; north, 11:30 p.m.

Anne Walcott of Hamlet Says

Hamlet: directed by Leslie Howard, portrayed by Leslie Howard, written by William Shakespeare.

To be or not to be, that is the question, whether it is better to slam or be slammed.

After waiting a breathless half hour over the appointed time for the curtain to rise on the "Ramparts of Elsinore at midnight," one wondered for a moment if the play were being produced in Danish, or if one's hearing were seriously defective. However, time slowly passed and the diction became clearer, dawn approached, Leslie Howard entered, and the play really started. In other words the opening scene was not, to me, a dramatic triumph.

From then on through 12 more scenes, Mr. Howard swept the action smoothly along. Tempo was never allowed to collapse, giving a final impression of one of the finest interpretations of Hamlet ever done since the days of Booth. To say a word, and only a word, about the supporting cast. Support is not an appropriate word, as the majority of the actors weakened the structure rather than strengthened it. Mary Servess, playing Queen Gertrude, was the proverbial "dead pan" and upon opening her mouth, the impression was unchanged. She played the same role years ago in Norman Bel Geddes' production, and should have learned it by now. Pamela Stanley, as the fair Ophelia, did at least two minutes' worth of quite good insanity—not, however, the same damsel that Lillian Gish portrayed, and we prefer La Gish. Now, hear ye, follows an orchid and also a petunia for Aubrey Mather who did a beautiful bit of that seldom-seen article called acting. Mather was Lord Polonius, and after watching him for a few seconds it was evident that he has, as the program said, been acting since he was 19 years old, really acting.

A choice bit of comment from one of the audience: After Ophelia had ranted and raved for a scene, an apparently sane voice from behind me ventured—"Is she supposed to be crazy?" Mon Dieu, thought I, and writhed on my very hard and unyielding chair.

Curtain call. A very exhausted and breathless Leslie Howard finally after much applause appeared to give his thanks. He was charming, fatigued, and apparently sincere. Speaking of how little the public's wants had really changed during the last 350 years, as people applaud Shakespeare now, perhaps even more than then. A bitter thought struck me at that moment, watching the swooning faces of his feminine audience—who is applauding the Shakespearean actor Howard and who the movie hero in person? But let it go, and pray that the legitimate stage had really conquered San Jose for a night.

—ANNE WALCOTT

Classified Ads.

GARDENERS! Do you need any black loam soil? If so, call Carmel 516. \$6 per load delivered on the Peninsula.

JOB IN CARMEL offers for a saleswoman in rental department of long-established real estate office. Must be experienced and have car. Address Drawer B, Carmel.

FINE STUCCO HOME—Here is a well built Home with 2 bedrooms in the main house and a room and shower in the garage—situated on a good corner up in the woods. Enclosed Patio. Vacant, ready to move into. Has an F.H.A. Loan so that monthly payments are very low. Might consider good lot for equity. For price and terms see Carmel Realty Company, Ocean Avenue.

LOTS—Carmel Woods up on hill \$1100 worth \$1500; San Carlos 53 ft. frontage \$1200. Terms 3 lots together close to Santa Lucia \$1000 each; Carmel Point 3 lots \$5000 for the 3, or will sell 60 front feet for \$2500; Carmel Woods \$450, cheapest lot in the whole neighborhood; Mission Tract on Santa Lucia 60 x 100 \$1500 with easy terms; Walker Tract No. 1 fine lots for \$1500 for 60 front feet; 80 Acres, 60 feet for \$1600; 80 Acres, 40 foot lot for \$1100. See Corum B. Jackson, Carmel Realty Company, Ocean Avenue.

IF YOU WERE BORN IN NEW ENGLAND, or ever lived there, you'll certainly enjoy the monthly magazine YANKEE. It contains a great variety of delightful entertainment; the charm of New England scenery in beautiful pictures; worthwhile articles on subjects of interest and importance; short story fiction ranking with the best; and humor good for a chuckle from anybody, even if they've never been near Beacon Hill or gazed on the waters of Lake Chagogagoggmanchaugogggchaubungungamaug! The Swoopers' Column gets better every issue and is worth the price of admission by itself. A few sample copies of YANKEE are available which we'll gladly lend you. Call 702 or drop a card to Drawer A D, Carmel.

LOST. A Yellow Gold Wrist Watch and yellow gold watch band. "Arthur Nisson" engraved on back of case. Notify Mrs. Sutton, Sutton Place, Carmel. Liberal Reward. 3-5

The regular meeting of the Board of Trustees, scheduled to be held yesterday, was postponed until the 11th of March, owing to the absence of two members.

Things have changed since the nickel jitney; They're looking up for Willard Whitney.

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Paid Firemen Case At Last In Council

(Continued from Page One)

vious to this week's meeting. There was no formal statement as to whether or not the matter should be discussed; the council merely launching into a discussion of it. It was decided that a resolution would be necessary, creating the two jobs of paid firemen and fixing their pay. This, according to City Attorney Argyll Campbell, may be done when the pay is decided on. Although no definite action was reached in the matter it is understood that Commissioner of Fire Rowntree would recommend the rate of pay.

Miss Kellogg, in opening the discussion, went on record as believing that two paid firemen are a necessity. She said that rates of pay that had been reported to her as prevailing in other cities were \$150 for the day man and \$125 for the night man.

"That's \$275 a month," Burge broke in. "Up goes the taxes."

"The taxpayers would benefit to that extent by a consequent reduction in fire insurance premiums," answered Mayor Everett Smith.

"All right," said Burge. "I'm for it if there can be a tie-up between the fire department and the police department."

Councilman Rowntree remained mum at this, but in answer to direct questions declared himself emphatically opposed to the combined service suggested by Burge.

It appeared from comments by the councilmen and occasional statements by Chief of Police Robert Norton that this so-called "tie-up" means that the night fireman would answer police calls, flash the red signal for the policeman on duty and deliver the telephone information over to him.

There followed a discussion as to possible friction resulting from a division of authority if this plan was put into effect. It seemed to be the consensus that this friction would result.

Burge continued to assert the willingness of the police department to "string along," but was firm in his decision that unless some provision was made for taking police telephone calls in combination with the work of the night fireman, he would vote against the proposal.

"This only goes to prove that it was a mistake to divide the commission of fire and police," Burge said, echoing the editorial comment along this line in last week's Cymbal. "The two departments should be under one head in the council. If that was so, now the present situation would not come up."

The long discussion ended in an impasse. The respective heads of the fire and police departments refusing to compromise.

But the matter of two paid men for the fire department is definitely in the council and that is a clear gain.

Thoburn Absent; Council Delays Airport Action

Although City Attorney Argyll Campbell informed four members of the city council that Councilman James H. Thoburn's vote on the matter could be taken by telephone and recorded at the next meeting, the proposal to appropriate \$860 to aid in the completion of the Monterey airport at Del Monte was not brought up at Wednesday night's meeting. Councilman Thoburn was absent from the meeting because of illness.

At the last meeting of the council, two weeks ago, it was said that immediate action was needed in the matter, and Councilman Thoburn announced at that time that he would move to appropriate the needed sum at this week's meeting. His absence Wednesday night delays action until the next meeting, March 17.

Signers of a petition asking that Fourth street, east of Monte Verde, be improved to give them access to their property, are to be informed that the roadway of which they complain is on private property and the city cannot make improvements on it for that reason. In fact, it developed at the meeting, that in order for the city to reach the part of Fourth street which also needs improvement in that section, private property must be crossed. The property owners can, however, agree to pay for improvement of the public street and this would be done, but Street Superintendent Askew said that he did not believe this would relieve the situation much.

F. A. Wermuth, Mary A. Goold and Carl G. Harris, property owners on Sixth street between Mission and San Carlos, are to be given street and curb grades on their request.

The State wants Carmel to inform it how it wants to spend approximately \$3740 which will be the city's share of the gas tax for the fiscal year of 1937-38. It is probable that some of the money will be used on the old highway,

The Commercial Muse now stoops to kiss you;

Your bank book smacked by the Blandling issue.

WALT'S
DAIRY

WHERE
SMART PEOPLE
SANDWICH

now used as the truck route into town, but the matter will be studied before a reply is given.

The matter of delinquent sewer assessments of the old Carmel Hospital and the Peninsula Community Hospital was brought up, and City Attorney Campbell informed the council that the sanitary board should give the delinquents a stated time in which to pay and then shut off the sewer connections if payment is not made.

Deeds will be ready for the city for the acquisition of the Forest Hill school and Forest Theater gifts

of land as soon as a quit claim deed is received in the first case, and county taxes are refunded in the second.

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